

The Saturday Review

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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Note and Comment

THE CITY-BRED MAN

He wandered where the birds sang in the treetops tall and grand;
He wandered where the plowman turned the loamy, fertile land;
And he wandered through the meadow where the lazy cattle fed,
Where languidly the river flowed adown its winding bed.
And he listened to the melody of Nature's tuneful choir
And he questioned: "Where's the Eden that the poets all admire?"

"Union Station," yells the porter, and he reaches for his grip,
He who weary is returning from a short vacation trip.
And he steps out to the platform, out into the swaying throng,
On his face there is a smile, and in his heart there is a song.
"Talk of music! Just you listen to the medley of the street,
To the rumble of the car wheels and the trample of the feet;
To the puffing of the engine and the clanging of its bell,
And the clamor of the cabbies crying, 'This way! Best hotel!'"
And he takes an uptown street car, rides along a busy street,
Mingles with the rush and bustle, and his joy seems most complete.
"For," he mutters, "let who wish it joy in Nature's melody,
But I love the city's racket, it is music sweet to me."
—Jerome Twichell in Kansas City Star.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: "The race is not to the swift nor the bottle to the strong." A typographical error, no doubt, but in this country we know of races that were not to the swift because of the strong bottle.

Over in British Columbia an agitation is in progress to change the rules of the road. As in England, British Columbians turn to the left, we turn to the right, and several newspapers in B. C. are urging that the rule be made uniform by having all turn to the right. Would it not be better to have the rest of us join with B. C. in turning to the left? There certainly would be an advantage in the winter time. Our cutters are so made that the shafts project to the left. When cutters meet on a narrow winter road it is very hard to keep the projecting shafts from locking. As the driver sits on the right he has a clear view of the cutter which he has to pass if he turns to the left.

As professor of philosophy at Harvard for more than a quarter of a century the late Dr. William James executed a wide influence on metaphysical and speculative thought both in this country and abroad. In particular he ranked as an authority in psychology, the study of which he developed on original lines and which he introduced to the larger audience outside his classroom.

Prof. James was a keen and indefatigable investigator of psychic phenomena. To accounts of telepathic influence, ghost stories and all mystical manifestations he applied the tests of science in an effort to sift the true evidences of the supernatural from the credulity which is the charlatan's stock in trade. He helped to purify spiritualism from some of its dross.

In "Pragmatism—a New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking," Prof. James gave the modern world a philosophy of positive values and practical results in the pursuit of happiness which was an important contribution to speculative literature.

Professor D'Arsonval, a Paris surgeon, has come to the front with a substitute for amputation which may revolutionize forms of operation in the surgical world. He promises literally "painless surgery."

Neither knife, saw, nor any other cutting instrument is to be used. The hand, the arm, the foot or

the leg is simply to fall off as if by magic, with the wound entirely healed and cicatrized. The effect is to be produced by means of electric currents of high frequency.

Professor D'Arsonval explains that he has been able to send currents of high frequency through dumb animals and to raise the temperature of their bodies to a very high degree, without any apparent effect on their sensibility or the contractibility of their muscles. The animals seemed to feel nothing whatever.

In some cases, he says, the calorific effect was such that certain members were literally cooked and, strange to say, the animal did not betray the least feeling of pain. When the members fell away after some days the stumps were perfectly cicatrized. The method is yet to be tried on human beings.

Just as the world began to think that it had been wholly discovered, with Peary reaching the North Pole and Shackleton all but putting the British flag at the South Pole, Africa invaded from Cairo to the Cape and Asia a book with almost all its leaves cut after Col. Younghusband's column had bivouacked in Lhasa, the stronghold of hidden Tibet, a new race is found in the innermost recesses of Papua or New Guinea. The interior of this man-eating land had never been really explored, and when Dr. Von P. W. Schmidt went there he came back with a new story—the story of a hitherto unknown race of pigmies who have lived from time immemorial in strict isolation from the taller race in the same mysterious island.

Dr. Schmidt's minute investigation of all the pigmy races known has led him to support, with some modifications, the view maintained by the well known anatomist of Basle, J. Kollmann, who holds the pigmies to be the oldest peoples on the earth—the child-race of mankind. The child-race—not a half bestial race. The distinction is shown very clearly when one regards as a whole the character-

istics of the pigmy races. They are entirely men, but undeveloped men. Their mind is a human, a thinking mind; they possess human feeling, and a distinct ethical will.

Their intellectual attainments are very low, but they are capable of responding to demands made upon them. One of the greatest inventions of man in the hunter stage—the bow and arrow—is, according to Dr. Schmidt, to be attributed to them. In physical indications there are, of course, many marks of a non-human ancestry, but the upright or projecting forehead and the frequently large and expressive eyes mark a distinction which cannot be overlooked.

In the late Dr. George M. Grant's "Ocean to Ocean," which tells the story of the Sandford Fleming expedition through Canada in the year 1872, there is an interesting paragraph under date August 2, 1872, which is reproduced below. The governor to whom reference is made is Lieutenant-Governor Archibald; and the U. S. Consul was the late Consul Taylor, who from the earliest days was a fervent advocate of the possibilities of the Canadian West. He earned his sobriquet of "Saskatchewan Taylor" by his faith in the future greatness of the valley which is now coming into its own. The extract from Dr. Grant's volume reads thus:

"August 2nd.—Having arranged to leave Fort Garry today, we did so, but with extreme reluctance, so great was the kindness of the Governor, his private secretary, and, indeed, all the classes. Archbishop Tache called this morning, and delighted us with his polished manner and extensive knowledge of the country. He does not think very highly of the Saskatchewan Valley as a future grain-producing country, differing in this respect from every other authority; but he speaks in glowing terms of the Red Deer Lake and River, which runs into the Athabasca, sometimes called Lac la Biche, a better name, because there are innumerable Red Deer

Lakes. In that far-away country, extending to the north of the North Saskatchewan, the wheat crops of the mission have never suffered from summer frosts but once. It certainly is one of the anomalies of the Northwest, that the way to avoid frosts is to go farther north. To hear on the same day the U. S. consul and the archbishop speak about the fertile belt is almost like hearing counsel for and against it. The consul believes that the world without the Saskatchewan would be a poor affair; the archbishop that the 'fertile belt' must have been so-called because it is not fertile. But how explain the archbishops' opinions? The evidence he adduced in support of them suggests the explanation; he confined himself to facts that had been brought before him; but his induction of facts was too limited. It, doubtless, is true that at Lac la Biche wheat is easily raised, and that at the R. C. missions, near the Saskatchewan, it suffers from summer frosts; but the only two R. C. settlements that we heard of in the Saskatchewan country, viz., those of St. Albert's and Lake St. Ann's, we visited, and could easily understand why they suffered. They are on the extreme northwest of the 'belt' at an altitude above the sea level of from 2,000 to 2,500 feet, and were selected by the half-breeds, not with a view to farming, for the French half-breed is no farmer, but because of the abundance of whitefish in the lake, the sturgeon in the river, and because they were convenient for buffalo hunting and trapping, as well as for other reasons. The substance of the disputed matter seems to be this: "The archbishop believes that there is a belt further north much more fertile."

Mr. Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo, when appraised by wire at his summer home that the new census figures had given his city a population of 168,497, telegraphed the following reply:

"The census figures mean nothing to me or anybody; character is the only thing that counts, and cities, like individuals, in the last analysis, rank by character."

"All big towns are not cities; a big town becomes a city only when it develops the city's sense. In that respect, Toledo has no rival. If I had my Whitman here, I should like to quote a poem—even by the prosaic and practicable telegraph wire—which begins with a line: 'Where the great city stands.' That poem says it all."

The Walt Whitman poem to which Mr. Whitlock refers is in substance as follows:

'The place where a great city stands is not the place of stretched wharves, docks, manufactures, deposits of produce merely,
Nor the place of ceaseless salutes of newcomers or the anchoring of the departing,
Nor the place of the tallest and costliest buildings or shops selling goods from the rest of the earth.
Nor the place of the best libraries and schools, nor the place where the money is plentiful,
Nor the place of the most numerous population.

Where the city stands with the brawniest breed of orators and bards,
Where the city stands that is beloved by these, and loves them in return and understands them.
Where no monuments exist to heroes but in the common words and deeds.
Where thrift is in its place, and prudence is in its place,
Where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority.
Where the citizen is always the head and ideal, the President, Mayor, Governor, and what not, are agents for pay.
Where children are taught to be laws to themselves, and to depend on themselves.
Where equanimity is illustrated in affairs,
Where speculations on the soul are encouraged,
Where women walk in public processions in the streets the same as men,
Where they enter the public assembly and take places the same as the men.

Where the city of the faithfulest friends stands,
Where the city of cleanness of the sexes stands,
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,
Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands,
There the great city stands.



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Laugh and the world laughs with you.
Weep, and you weep alone.
For the soft old earth must borrow its
mirth,
It has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost in the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from the voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
But they want full measure of all your
pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all,
There are none to decline your neared
wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure,
For a large and lordly train,
But alone by one must all file on
Through the narrow halls of pain.
E. W. WILCOX.

There are two views of man emanating from theadventures of Mrs. Lena Smith, who masqueraded as a man for five years in New York. Mrs. Smith, an attractive widow of thirty with closely cropped brown hair, has cast off her disguise and resumed the garb of her own sex. She announces her intention of retiring from the profitable business she established in the assumed character of a Spanish-commerce agent.

Mrs. Smith, who lived for several years in South America, disguised herself as a man five years ago, in order to win a wager that any woman possessed of histrionic talent, could pass unsuspected as a member of the opposite sex. The wager was made at Boston, where a physician offered her £500 a year as long as she could maintain the deception. Mrs. Smith came to New York and secured an engagement as a clerk at a wholesale-baconists.

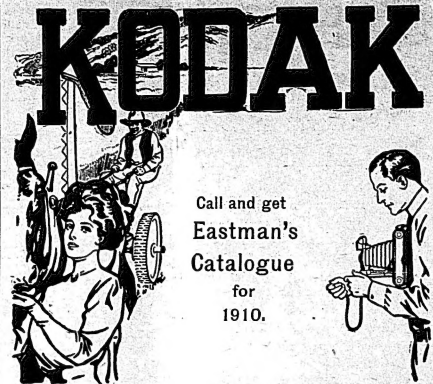
In the course of her male career she occupied positions of confidence in half a dozen well-known business houses, and finally went into business on her own account, renting a flat together with a Boston girl. They were supposed by their friends to be a married couple, and entered into frequent and made numbers of friends.

Mrs. Smith declares that one girl clerk felt so deeply in love with her as to propose an elopement.

Interviewers visited each of the business houses where Mrs. Smith occupied positions. The majority of the employees expressed profound surprise, not unmixed with chagrin, at learning that the "jolly young Spaniard," known to them as Mr. Martinez, was in reality a woman.

The net result of Mrs. Smith's experiences has been to make her a female Schopenhauer, with a profound contempt for man. "I may say without boasting," she said today, "that I have acquired a unique knowledge of Mr. Man and his ways. I also think that my five years masquerading gives me a better understanding of woman. 'Why man should be called the stronger sex passes my comprehension. He is superior from the point of view of muscle, but as far as energy, ability, nerve, loyalty, and sincerity—or judgment, any other virtue—are concerned he is at best no better than woman, while at the worst he cannot be compared with the so-called weaker sex.'

Mrs. Smith declares that the designation of woman as the vainer sex is made, for "if there exists in this world a vain, conceited, and egotistical animal it is the average man. The conversation of a woman may be about her household, dress, or babies, but man's is invariably about himself—'what I said to him,' 'what he said to me,' and 'how I paid him out,' and so on ad nauseam. As a man I was a good listener, and consequently I had a host of friends, for if you let a man pour his troubles into your ear without bothering him with your troubles in return he will go away declaring you one of the best fellows in the world."



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Mrs. Smith asserts that she only met in New York two, or possibly three men, who conformed to the ideal of a gentleman. On the other hand, she was acquainted with scores of business women who were making a clean and gallant struggle against tremendous odds for a living. Woman, in her opinion, is infinitely braver and far more uncompromising than man. She works hard, accepts inadequate pay, and supports without a murmur burdens that would "make three-quarters of the men curl up and abandon the game."

The only point seemingly on which Mrs. Smith concedes superiority to man is that of clothing. After five years in male garb she finds female dress irksome and unpractical. There is at least one other woman in New York who shares this opinion. Mrs. Smith gives an amusing account of how she met the other woman in an underground train. She was wearing a grey hat, a soft shirt, and a blue serge suit. Mrs. Smith penetrated her disguise and saw her on several subsequent occasions, but they never spoke to each other.

The many friends the "man-woman" made agree that despite her slighting references to man, "Mr. Martinez" is a delightful companion. One man, when informed of her identity, tragically exclaimed, "I've lost the best chum I ever had."

Unfortunate man, however, has a champion in another girl-man, who some thirteen years ago, in order to help her brother out in some work he could not attend to, masqueraded as a man, and her views as stated by herself are as follows: "It happened through the Jubilee of 1897 that I took my brother's name and wore my brother's clothes on a double trip across the Atlantic, and I did his work, which he was not able to attend to, for two months, and one week in New York, and for nearly three months in London and different parts of England, as well as on the Continent. I went to New York by the Umbria, arriving on a Sunday late in February, and I remained there part of the time in a Fifth Avenue hotel and part of the time at a house near Central Park until the first week in May, when, with two boys who were in my charge, I returned by the Lucania.

From then until after the Jubilee we stayed at an hotel, paid several visits to friends of my charges in the country, and went about to all sorts of touring places until early in August, when I handed over my boys to their parents in Hamburg. Everything concerned knowing that during the whole time nobody discovered that I was not a man, and I do not believe that anybody even suspected me.

But the reason I am writing is because I disagree entirely with every word that Mrs. Helena Smith said about the opinions she formed while she was passing as "Mr. A. L. Martinez." I came back to my own name not as Mrs. Smith does, with a profound contempt for man, but with a very poor opinion of some women. In New York nothing could have been kinder than the way in which the men I met received the young Englishman I was supposed to be. Mrs. Smith says that as Mr. Martinez she found the New York business men not to be compared with women in "energy, ability, nerve, loyalty, and sincerity." Well, it was their simple friendliness, their loyalty, and sincerity that made a never-forgotten impression upon me.

But I did think the women, especially the married ones, vain and conceited, and frivolous, and in some cases worse than that. Here in England I saw less of people than over there, but here also I formed a similar opinion that the average men is a decent sort of well-disposed fellow, much less designing and envious and self-seeking than many women are, or perhaps, I should say, have to be.

What Mrs. Elena Smith seems to me not to realize, and it is the chief thing I learnt, is that men do not reveal the worst side of themselves to one another. Nor do women either. I dare say I am not very far wrong in saying that neither men nor women ever reveal their true selves to one of their own sex. Women will give revelation of their real character to a man that another woman would never get a glimpse of.

I did not learn so much about men while I was supposed to be a man as I did about my own sex. Here are two opposite views by two women who both met men in various stages of commercial life. In summing up their views and deciding which one you believe in, our readers must take into consideration that one was a widow with a knowledge of life, having travelled, but who went so far as to live with a girl in a flat and make people believe they were man and wife, without a thought of her companion when her masquerade was over; the other, for the sake of her brother and not to win a bet, undertook to carry out his work and as soon as it was over silently resumed her ordinary vocation.

There are always two sides to every question—the wrong side and our side.

I begin to breathe again and have hopes that my digestion will not suffer so much in future. The recent report of the Pure Foods Exhibition is gratifying, as it seems the tricks of food adulteration, a decreasing Tea is seldom made of leaves or ordinary trees. The cheaper kinds of coffee, sold ready ground, were largely composed of dried liver powdered, date stones powdered, roast chestnut shells, and burnt figs. Even the cheap chicory had substitutes in indelion and burdock roots. Cheap jams, and even dard jams, were made of mashed carrots, turnips, fine seed, boric acid and mineral dyes to give the requisite coloring. The "finest of vinegars" in cheap pickles is often composed of acetic acid and water colored with yellow ochre.

Temperance drinks and herb beers should not contain more than 2 per cent. of proof spirit. Of 380 samples taken, thirty-one had over 3 per cent, six over 4 per cent, and one—ginger-beer—had 6.2 per cent.

No wonder we have suffered at times from unknown causes.

Is the word "obey" in the marriage service going to be revived in practice again. In a recent case in the police court the following dialogue is reported:

Counsel (to the woman): Did your husband put his hand over your mouth to prevent you from answering the detective?

The Witness: No; he ordered me not to answer though.

Counsel: Why should not you answer if you had a perfectly honest story to tell?

The Witness: But my husband told me not to.

Counsel: I must repeat, why?

The Witness (with finality): I have to do what my husband tells me, you know.

Counsel: Oh, I see. Very obedient of you. All wives are not the same, I'm afraid.

Niece (startled): "No, I won't wash my face."

Aunt: "Naughty, naughty! When I was a little girl I always washed my face."

Niece (looking her aunt straight in the face): "Then I won't wash mine again."

"Twixt woman and wine a man's lot is to smart, For wine makes his head ache and woman his heart."

"Pa," said Angelina, "Ferdie says

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that he will do something horrible in his despair if I do not marry him." Pa (who knew Ferdie): "He will, my dear. He will have to go to work."

No one opposed. He proposed. She was composed. Also disposed. So the deal was closed.

HOME AND SOCIETY

Hon. C. R. Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell arrived this week and about the middle of the month will take up their residence at 44 MacKay Avenue, the house now occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Riddell.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe have returned after a very pleasant two months visit to the coast, where they made Victoria their headquarters.

Hon. C. W. Cross returned from the coast, leaving Mrs. Cross at Victoria. Mrs. Cross will return later. Colonel Belcher, C. M. G., Mrs. Belcher and family left this week for Europe and will be away eight months.

Dr. H. M. Tory, president of the University of Alberta, returned from a visit to Nova Scotia.

Mrs. William Short and family returned from a visit to Banff. Mrs. Short has now recovered from the effects of her automobile accident last July.

Mr. H. M. Evans left this week for Toronto, where he will be married to Miss Isabel Jackson on the 17th. The ceremony is to take place at St. John's church and a full choral service will be held. Mr. and Mrs. Evans will return about the first week in October and will reside in Colonel Belcher's house, which they have rented during the latter's absence in Europe.

Mrs. J. D. Hyndman and family returned from a delightful trip to Prince Edward Island. Mr. Hyndman is expected back from England some time in October.

The annual Hospital Ball will take place on Friday, September 23rd. The Ladies' Aid have taken management and have made arrangements with the proprietors for the use of the Cecil Hotel. The hotel has been lately enlarged and the whole of the building is to be used for what promises to be the greatest success of the season. The music will be good, as Irving's orchestra has been engaged.

The subscription list for Melba's concert closes on Saturday next, the 19th, the place will be open for the selection of seats by subscribers only, at Harmony Hall, next the new post office building.

The golf tournament was a great success in spite of the rain. The MacKay cup, for the ladies' championship, was won by Miss Cobbett, who also won the ladies' handicap and the challenge cup. The ladies' Tournares were won by Miss Cobbett and Miss Matherson. The ladies putting competition was won by Mrs. Swainland. The mixed Tournares by Mr. and Mrs. Heathcote. The men's Tournares were won by Messrs. Chattell and Simpson. The men's open handicap was won by C. V. Doore, of Calgary, and the open singles by J. L. Hunter. The men's putting competition was won by Dr. Cobbett.

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Box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 3c. At dealers, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

EXPLAINED.

Saymour—"It seems so strange that Dobleigh should be so dead in love with his former wife when she doesn't even speak to him any more."

Askley—"Probably her silence is what attracts him."

NO MONEY IN IT.

Judge (sternly)—Three times in a month! What do you make of this, sir? Rastus (apologetically)—"Deed I don't make miffin. You fellows up here seem to be de only ones dat get any cunary profit out of hauling me up—Fack."

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It would be quite foolish for me to attempt to write on any but the one subject this week—the one thing that has occupied my mind and heart ever since the news flashed across the wires that it had occurred—the terrible wreck at Durand, Michigan, in which the editor of this paper so nearly lost his life.

A fortnight ago I was thirty years young. Now, to be truthful, one must write it, that many years old. A fortnight, in that time how much of life have I not seen, how much of care and anxiety have I not known, what magnificent courage, patience, sweetness and conquering of the most agonizing suffering have I not been the witness of!

In an idle hour I have called it a world of wickedness, where sin emerged triumphant. I take it back. It is a world of hearts, a world of unplumbed goodness and brave men and noble women. With the bare, business-like facts of the terrible disaster you are of course well informed.

Leaving Chicago, within about thirty minutes of each other are two sections of the one train. On the Tuesday night of the wreck, the brake on the first section refused to act, the train was stopped in order to make repairs and a brakeman sent back to flag the incoming No. 14.

How far he went back, whether tail-lights were burning as they ought to have been, or the engineer was not paying attention to business, these are matters now being threshed out in the courts, and to be decided there. Enough that someone blundered, and a shocking disaster, in which many precious lives were lost and untold suffering was occasioned, was the result.

I found Flint a typical bustling American city, very up-to-date, on its main street, but strangely suggestive of an old Southern town in its residential section.

Going up to the hospital for the first time, I remember being struck by the alive, go-ahead Western atmosphere of the principal thoroughfare, and

then turning up the pretty winding side street, thinking how quaint and old-world like it all was.

I think the residential section, the old part, is the real Flint, and the ambitious brilliantly-lit and progressive business portion, is an alien child who has come in to dispute possession. If the boom breaks, as it already has done to some extent, the town will relapse into its pleasant old-fashioned ways. In a gamble I would lay my money on the bubble breaking. I arrived in Flint very early on Tuesday morning, and after a hurried breakfast went at once to the Hospital.

Here, on the night of the disaster, the injured were brought to be cared for. A large, beautifully arranged hospital, set on the crest of a hill, where there is always a breeze and a delightful cheeriness not always unfortunately characteristic of such institutions.

In a corner of the men's ward I came across "my man," the object of my fifteen hundred mile quest. It is altogether too personal a matter to dwell on my joy at finding him, or his delight at having me near him. When a man has looked death in the face, and in so terrible a form, a reunion with those near and dear to him takes on the solemnity of a sacrament.

Sufficient that I did find him, hands swathed in bandages, and his face, where it didn't show "the burns, as yellow as a duck's foot." Fieric acid is a wonderful specific for scales, but is not calculated to make a man conceited with himself. From this on, I shall refer to the editor as the "Yellow Journalist," a name the "boys" in the ward have dubbed him, since ever they found out that he was a newspaper man.

The Yellow Journalist's story of the wreck, as told by him to me, during many disconnected conversations is briefly as follows:

He was the last man in the sleeper to retire that night. About ten-fifteen he decided to turn in, remaining a moment or so to smoke a last cigarette. As he puffed dreamily away, a little

boy, ten years old, came toddling down in his pyjamas to the smoking-room to get a drink. Ten minutes later the small chap lay dead beside his mother. Let us hope, mercifully oblivious of the fate that overtook him.

The first the Yellow Journalist knew that anything was wrong was hearing a torpedo explode, followed two seconds later by a terrific crash, then low moans, stifling steam, and a minute later, the heat and crackle of burning wood.

Pulling himself up, (his berth was Upper Six), he looked out to find the great engine puffing clouds of steam at his side. Sliding down he tried to force a way out, but finding no means of exit, climbed back to his berth to escape smothering. By now the heat and steam were terrible, and desperate, but hopeless, he decided to make one more try for it. How he stumbled, half-blind and mad, through the heat and darkness, he doesn't know yet, but at one spot, he felt a breath of air, made for it, and plunged forward through a window. By now the car was all a'glight and burning rapidly. It was now about 10:20.

Naturally as soon as the shock was over, those who were in the forward coaches, at least those who had enough unselfishness to think of anyone but themselves, hurried back to assist the sufferers in the doomed pullman. Headed by a trained nurse, who was in the wrecked sleeping car, a little band of rescuers soon got to work and performed yeoman service, binding up broken legs and fractured arms, and ministering to those who were burned and scalded.

About three o'clock the sufferers arrived at Hurley Hospital, Flint, the Yellow Journalist, wrapped in Indian fashion, in a pullman blanket, though he arrived in a Doctor's up-to-date motor, and the "Boys" in the ward couldn't decide whether it was a negro or a badly-used brakeman.

"Engine turn turtle on you, Jack?" drowsed one sleepy patient, from which you may gather that the editor's usually peaches and cream complexion was as black as ink, and his auburn locks the shade of the proverbial coals.

That night, and two consecutive ones, the Yellow Journalist lay, face swathed in bandages, and under the kindly deadening influence of a merciful opiate, but through it all he remembers the screams and groans of No. 14's engineer in the bed opposite him. A nightmare, a horror! Hell.



HASSAN

Cork Tipped

Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke

Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price

and fine quality

Some question Fate!

Imagine it! When a train agent carelessly hurls in his hands the cards of Life and Death.

That nightshuffling them, he assigned the berths. To some he doled out Life, to others—Oblivion. In a lower berth he put Mrs. McBean, and up above, her grown-up son. With a broken leg and a terribly-wrenched neck, the mother escaped with her life. Waking, she felt above for her boy called him, no answer—All was over.

Her story learned from her own lips as the tears streamed down her dear old cheeks in the hospital. I think they live in Chicago. In a city at any rate, where the air is not sweet and bracing as it is in country towns, and where the trees do not stoop

down in grateful shade, and the grass is not so green and cool as it is in beautiful Ontario.

In eight years they had not had a holiday together, so one day he told her, "Mother, we're going off to Collingwood. We're going to climb those lovely hills again. We're going to see the caves,"—and so they planned it, like a pair of happy children.

Poor lad, he is at rest now. Perhaps he wanders in spirit those hills he loved, at any rate, he sleeps sweetly—while she, his mother, is alive and in great agony, mourning, and will not be comforted, the boy who was stealing away with her, for a holiday. What are you going to say to me? Poor grief as that, can you tell me? Poor

(Continued on page four)

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IMPERIAL BANK of CANADA

Well-equipped Savings Department

Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$5.00 and upwards). Interest calculated on deposits at current rate from date of deposit. All new facilities and features of a strong bank are at the service of our depositors.

A special room is provided for women. Married Women and Misses may make deposits and withdraw the same without the intervention of any person.

Capital Authorized, \$10,000,000 Capital Subscribed \$5,628,700
Capital Paid Up, \$5,400,000 Reserve Fund, \$5,400,000.00

Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall and Jasper

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Your Savings Account G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK
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FINE HOME GROWN

TOMATOES

Highest Quality

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RAMSAY'S GREENHOUSES

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ROBERT MAYS

Room 5 Crystal Block, 42 Jasper Avenue, W.
Phone 1263 EDMONTON



Fashion has decreed that this fall the hats shall be only in two sizes—the very large and the very small. Two charming designs are shown here. Similar shapes and others just as effective are displayed at Miss Farrell's millinery establishment at 143 Jasper Avenue West.

Ever Fresh

Candy Stocks



Brisk trade keeps our Candy fresh
Continuous shipments keep our assortments full



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154 Jasper Ave. E.

Phone 1550 for prompt service

BLUE RIBBON BEER

Is recommended by the family physician as the best tonic you can take. It builds up the system and makes one feel like a new person.

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FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS
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The Vacuum Cleaner Co.

have new and increased facilities for doing your work quickly and with little expense.

Your carpets and furniture can be thoroughly freed from dust in a few hours without leaving the house. We have also experienced hands to take up and relay carpets which can be cleaned at our works.

Electric Vacuum Cleaner for sale or rent.
R. Kenneth, Agent
EDMONTON
TENT & MATTRESS CO.
619, SECOND STREET

All Users of EDDY'S SILENT MATCHES

Know they make No Noise or Splutter and have No Odor; are Quick, Safe and Sure.

Made by
THE E. B. EDDY CO., LTD., HULL, CANADA
Ask your nearest grocer for them.

The Mirror

(Continued from page three.)

tortured heart!

Because she thought she'd like to sleep at the read end, and changed her berth with a man, another woman paid Death the forfeit.

Had the dear little lad gone for his drink ten minutes later? Can't you see that one must believe in Fate?

One is spared, another taken; a young life goes out, and an old one flickers on. Why, why, why? On the turn of a valve, the wave of a lantern, Heavens, that such consequences should hang.

On that simple prayer, "Lord, make me careful of the little things," is not all of Life and its great possibilities and responsibilities summed up in one unmistakable clause?

Every bed of the wreck-victims holds its story and tragedy. When I visited Mr. Mitchell's room (he was the engineer of Train 14, the wrecked section) it was to a big, man stretched like a little helpless child, a mound of pillows, in the midst of a bower of such beauty and fragrance as only hundreds of exquisite flowers can create.

"Do you smell them?" he eagerly questioned. "Aren't they just too beautiful and lovely. Flowers?"—and he looked dreamily away—"I guess even you well folks recognize how lovely they are." "See those roses—guess who sent 'em? Well, I'll tell you; a little girl I've known for eight or ten years and more. Wears a little checked apron and waved her hand at me every day I've come into the yards in all that time. She never forgot me. She hasn't forgotten me now I'm no use"—and great tears streamed down his face, through pain, and such agony as few have known in this world and survived, have been powerless to bring them there.

But the mail train is due—next week shall tell you some of the philosophy and gallantry these heroes have taught me.

Perry

MELBA

Within six weeks' time, the world of Edmonton will have the opportunity of hearing the world-famous diva, Melba. It is not often that an outstanding place like Edmonton, has the chance of hearing either the leading vocalists, musicians or theatrical stars. The opportunity is coming—make the most of it. Melba's voice cannot last for ever and it will always be a pleasure in after life, for those who are young, but still sufficiently old to appreciate, to remember hearing the famous Melba. I came across the following account of Martha and her trials over music, and her regrets that so much time and money were wasted on her, when the latter, especially would have enabled her to enjoy so much. There are very many such cases and every one can more or less remember having to listen to the painful efforts of a musical prodigy whose powers only existed in the fond opinion of her parents.

"From the days when as a child with hands too tiny even for her tiny self she sat at the piano, where her nervous fingers failed to conquer the most elementary quick-time exercise, Martha was put down as unmusical. She often wondered in a vague way, why in the face of the universal verdict, she was forced onward on the musical path, with the relentlessness which seemed proper only to Fate. Why, when by no ingenuity of stretching her narrow, stiff hands could be made to take an octave, was she given pieces to study whose octaves blinked at one the moment the page was opened? True, her inability to get over such difficulties gave her mistresses opportunities for much remonstrance, indignation, and, incidentally, general chat and gossip during the time given over for lessons. As everyone, including herself, had arrived at the conclusion that progress was impossible, perhaps this waste of lesson-time did not matter. Martha's parents seemed to be the only persons in whom she hoped never died. There was neither irony nor sarcasm in the matter of presenting her with a new piano on her eighteenth birthday. The numerous musical breakdowns with which a daughter so well-beloved had humiliated them before friends, was put down to the 'old' piano. Such, indeed, was parental partiality that when the breakdowns still took place after the eighteenth birthday they were, without any hesitation blamed on the 'new' piano.

"That Martha, having spent eleven years of her life 'taking lessons,' remained unable to play was a fact that could not be grasped by minds which had never strayed out of ordinary courses; since every girl should play the piano, every girl should learn music—there was no more than that to be said, concluded Martha's parents, and she never had an ignominious musical failure on either the old or the new piano without feeling she had robbed her people of that sum; for he it stated that in addition to Martha's waste of musical ability there was such an intense consciousness of it that any performance before strangers was particularly unsuccessful. It was not until she was married that Martha was freed from the slavery of the accustomed. Of course a new piano formed part of the furniture of her new house—her parents saw to that; but she was no longer expected to play a "married woman had something else to do." It is only since then that Martha sometimes thinks she is at last able to pay back a little of the musical debt she owes her parents. This is when she hears her mother say to an acquaintance, "My daughter has quite given up her music since she got married." The tone in which this is uttered leaves the impression that the world has suffered an irreparable loss, and neglected melodies of Chopin, Beethoven, and Mozart seem to mournfully haunt the ears of the hearers. But this talk does not really concern itself with the utility of the willy-nilly system of musical education. It only wants to tell of Martha's visit to the Melba matinee at Covent Garden Opera House. Let it be at once stated that it was through the kindness of a friend rather than through charity or love of music that she found herself there. The musical experiences of her youth had left Martha with an unshakable conviction that the one thing in life which was to be avoided whenever possible was music. It spoke of the past so constantly, of old, wasted effort and general mental abasement that when she found herself every now and then accidentally listening to music and finding therein an indefinable rest and pleasure she put it down to "nerves." Why not, since she had not the 'least taste' for music? She went to the matinee because she had a sincere curiosity to hear Melba sing. "It was the act of 11 Travellers," and Martha had made an effort earlier to become possessed of the book of words. How glad she was that she had failed in the attempt that she knew, nothing of the meaning or of the story, nothing of anything but the liquid, marvellous sounds which seemed to give a new atmosphere and color to life. Perhaps there was some mistake in saying that Martha had no soul for music, or perhaps it was that Melba was able to make even the deaf hear for the time being. Martha, describing her sensations, said she realized for the first time that there was meaning in the phrase that she had often seen and always thought absurd—the phrase "bathed in sound." The beautiful warbling melody seemed to come in waves that flooded in upon the soul until it was swept away on a vague and misty underland in whose atmosphere everything was terrestrial faded. This at least, is how Martha described the effect of Melba's singing. She cannot be without a taste for music after all, notwithstanding those unpardonable eleven years on which \$2000 were spent.

"Indeed, she has become very indignant over the early time. She thinks that though perhaps it is not always possible to train the hands, there may be such a thing as training the taste and opening the soul to one of the great enjoyments of life. If instead of drilling her dreary little fingers, she had been just taught to listen while good music was being played, well—Martha thinks that her experience at the matinee might have come many years ago, and that she might have heard Melba sing many, many times."

Simla, Sept. 9.—The Maharaja of Kashmir has sent to the Lieut-Governor of the Punjab a brown trout, which was the largest fish hitherto taken in Kashmir. It was probably one of the original ova, hatched out in 1902, so that it had eight years of growth, but it had done remarkably well in that time, as it weighed 18 pounds, and was 31 1/2 inches in length, with a girth of 20 1/2 inches. Its flesh was firm and pink, like a salmon's, and it was altogether an exceptionally fine specimen. The fish, packed in ice, reached Simla in perfect condition.

LIKE A WOMAN.

Her—Great heavens! My worst fears are realized! Him—What on earth's the matter? Her—I've got a telegram. Him—Yes! What does it say? Her—I don't know. I haven't dared to open it yet!—Cleveland Leader.

PINE TROUT IN INDIA

One Captured Weighing 18 Pounds—Sent to Lieut-Governor.

Simla, Sept. 9.—The Maharaja of Kashmir has sent to the Lieut-Governor of the Punjab a brown trout, which was the largest fish hitherto taken in Kashmir. It was probably one of the original ova, hatched out in 1902, so that it had eight years of growth, but it had done remarkably well in that time, as it weighed 18 pounds, and was 31 1/2 inches in length, with a girth of 20 1/2 inches. Its flesh was firm and pink, like a salmon's, and it was altogether an exceptionally fine specimen. The fish, packed in ice, reached Simla in perfect condition.

THE WISER CHOICE.

Pompano—Why do you work so hard, Bagley? You slave from morning until night. Bagley—I know I do. I wish to get rich. I want to be worth a million. Pompano—Well, there's no accounting for tastes. Now I would much prefer to live worth half a million.—Philadelphia Call.

A SAFE THAT HAS STOOD THE TEST

Safes, good safes, are something that interest all business men. The Morris Safe and Lock Company, who are general agents for "The Hall's Safe Company," of Cincinnati, Ohio, are handling a safe of which they are justly proud. Although they did not have an exhibit at the local exhibition, they have something which is of far more value to the man who is interested in safes than any mere exhibit. They have proofs of the actual worth of the Hall's safe. These proofs come from Nelson, B. C., where one of their safes stood the extreme test of fire very successfully.

The following letters speak for themselves. They were sent to Mr. Percy Hall Johnson, the Calgary agent for the firm.

Percy H. Johnson, Esq.,
Norris Safe & Lock Co.,
(General Agents, The Hall's Safe Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.)
Calgary, Alta.

Dear Sir:
At the request of your representative Mr. R. F. Stevens, who asked me to write you in regard to the recent fire of July 31st, which totally destroyed the Kootenay Shingle Mill Works, Ltd., also a number of other houses. The fire was one of the worst and hottest Nelson ever had, destroying property worth \$31,000. There is no building in Nelson that could burn and be any hotter than that of the Kootenay Engineering Works, in which stood one of your No. 345 thin wall, double door, Hall's Safe. The heat was so intense that it was not approachable nearer than thirty yards, lasting about two hours. The water thrown towards it, with 120 pounds pressure per square inch, turned into steam and floated away on the breeze before reaching the burning flames. The door was burned off, the bands twisted and the safe was badly warped from the intense heat. The door was not intended to be filled with all the "vanity" accessories beloved to the modern women, they will at least allow their wearer to dispense with the wrist bag in her own house. The reappearance of the pocket marks a new era in fashion for women and brings them at once to a real equality with their husbands and brothers.

Yours respectfully,
D. GUTHRIE,
Chief Nelson Fire Department,
Nelson, B. C.

Percy H. Johnson, Esq.,
Norris Safe & Lock Co.,
(General Agents, The Hall's Safe Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.)
Calgary, Alta.

Dear Sir:
Kreyscher Shingle Mill Fire at Nelson, July 31, 1901.
I am in receipt of your favor dated July 31st, and in compliance with request therein beg to inform you that I have visited the scene of fire mentioned above and made a thorough examination of the Hall's Safe, which came through this fire. With pleasure I am able to inform you that the safe has apparently suffered no damage whatever. Interior is in perfect condition. Understand contents when removed showed no signs of damage. Am informed that this was an exceptionally hot fire, and it must be gratifying to learn that your safe stood the test so well.

J. A. McVICAR,
Trav. Auditor,
C. P. R.

Percy H. Johnson, Esq.,
Norris Safe & Lock Co.,
(General Agents, The Hall's Safe Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.)
Calgary, Alta.

Dear Sir:
This is to certify that the Hall's Safe of the Kootenay Engineering Works, Ltd., during the recent fire, July 31st, after being opened, the contents were found to be in good order. I understand the number of safe was No. 345 thin wall. Being a very nice fire your safe showed up very well.

Yours truly,
J. M. LAY,
Mgr. Imperial Bank,
Nelson, B. C.

THE WISER CHOICE.
Pompano—Why do you work so hard, Bagley? You slave from morning until night. Bagley—I know I do. I wish to get rich. I want to be worth a million. Pompano—Well, there's no accounting for tastes. Now I would much prefer to live worth half a million.—Philadelphia Call.

Do Not Fail To See

STARLAND

TODAY

31st Triennial Conclave of

KNIGHTS



TEMPLARS

30,000 Representatives from every country in the world headed by the

CANADIAN KILTIE BAND

THE RETURN OF THE POCKET

According to a cynic, the real equality of every sensible woman, yet as most women are followers of fashion, and fashion seldom cares anything for the laws of common sense, the pocketless frock remains in vogue season after season, and the chafeline or wrist bag, which has usurped its place, grows more and more gigantic in proportion.

But at last the moment has arrived for the reappearance of the pocket. In one of the latest models of the new fashions no fewer than two pockets are seen, placed low on the tunic, but at a convenient distance from the hem of the gown, so that the hand can easily dive into their recesses.

The new pockets are of a sensible width, so that they will accommodate more than the fashionable old handkerchief of fine linen or linen, and though they are not intended to be filled with all the "vanity" accessories beloved to the modern women, they will at least allow their wearer to dispense with the wrist bag in her own house. The reappearance of the pocket marks a new era in fashion for women and brings them at once to a real equality with their husbands and brothers.

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BANKRUPT'S 10,000 DEBTORS

London, Sept. 7.—It was stated at a meeting of the creditors of a Swansea draper at the London Bankruptcy court recently that he had 10,000 debtors.



SW. SANDERSON
762 FIRST ST. PHON 1784
PHOTOGRAPHER

Do Not Fail To See

STARLAND

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